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## "Where did you come from, Baby Dear?"

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby dear?  
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?  
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?  
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?  
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?  
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?  
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?  
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get these arms and hands?  
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?  
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?  
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?  
God thought about you, and so I am here.

## Carl Loewe's Story of his Early Life\*

[Continued from page 106.]

While I was absorbed in my Art studies, zealously toiling, and with the best result, the storm of excitement and uprising throughout the whole German land in the year 1812 began to roar. Napoleon's mighty armies succumbed to the elements and to the well planned strategy of his powerful northern foe. Some of the wretched remnants of the scattered troops marched through Halle on their way back to France. These unfortunate French soldiers, who had with difficulty reached our borders, were sorry pictures of distress. I yet remember one of them. He sat on one of the corner stones which stood at the right and left of the door way of Türk's house. Holding his billet in his hand, he had not been able to drag himself any further. To all my questions he replied with a soft voice: "Oui, Monsieur!" More than that the frozen lips could not get out. And before he could reach his quarters, the unhappy man died with his "Oui Monsieur" before my eyes.

The throne held by the grace of Napoleon began now to totter, and the kingdom of Westphalia soon collapsed. Halle belonged once more to Germany. Among the ruins of the Westphalian throne were also buried all the golden blossoms which a transient star of fortune had thrown into my lap a little while before. Gone was the yearly subsidy, forever gone all prospect of a

journey to Italy! Whether I should ever wield the Kapellmeister's baton in Cassel had become a matter of pure chance. Türk, in his lively interest for my talent, would gladly have continued to instruct me without pay; but for him too the year 1813 had become a fatal one. Already the premonitions of an incurable malady showed themselves in him. All this began to weigh heavily upon my soul. But instead of giving myself up to helpless inactivity during this most melancholy period (I may well say) of my life, I too was seized with the universal enthusiasm for my Fatherland. Shall I be charged with ingratitude because, owing so much to the rule of the foreigner, I felt the glowing wish within me to march into the field against him? Can one control the voice, which from the deepest soul speaks for the Fatherland?—There was then an officer named Wucherer in Halle, to enlist young men for the national cause and for Lützow's "*schwarze wilde verwegene Jagd*." I can still hear how this corps made the Tyrtæan songs of Körner ring through the liberated provinces of Germany. To this recruiting officer I went: my youthful breast swelled proudly; like many other youths at that time I imagined that my sixteen years, which I had barely put behind me, were fully sufficient for the greatest deeds of heroism that stood before the German people. Wucherer looked at my not exactly small, but very tender physique, and thought that I had better wait awhile. This decision of the recruiting officer came down upon me like a crushing thunderbolt. All my plans and hopes were destroyed. I seemed to myself so small that I felt ashamed to show myself upon the street. I was not to take part in the bloody campaigns of the three years that followed; only from the sheltering roof of Türk's house could I, quiet and inactive, observe such incidents as were brought near to us in Halle.

On the 28th of April Halle was beleaguered by the Viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnais, the son-in-law of the emperor; but a small corps of Bülow's artillery hindered the passage of the French across the Saale. With the restoration of the German power the Russians also had come into the land. A Russian regiment had advanced into the city and halted on the market place. I was buried in silent meditation on these strange forms. As none of them had any determinate physiognomy, they all looked enough alike to be taken for one another. It was like looking at a flock of sheep, which possibly may be distinguished by the shepherd, but not by a stranger.—What a difference there was between these people and the glittering French regiments which had marched through Halle in the year before, and which were soon to come back broken, woe-begone and ruined! Napoleon's Guard during its days of splendor showed a great number of characteristic personalities, as it regarded the expression of the face and bearing of the body. Earnestness, a sense of inward calling to subdue the world, military pride, boldness, versatility

and splendor distinguished not merely the officers, but even the privates of these troops; on the contrary, in the features of the Russians an expression only showed itself when they felt a fear of their superiors. While the French were particular about their nourishment, the quantity of food was all the Russians cared about. The *sauerkraut*, their favorite food, was set before them in great kettles. Those who had become satiated lay down on their backs and let others sit upon their belly to reduce the roundness of their figure. For the rest the Russian soldiers showed themselves in general quite harmless. I still recall with satisfaction their strange Asiatic tunes, of which the melody was kept in the character of the church modes. While a part of them sang these songs, others waved their hands as one of their officers beat time. Quite as peculiar as the song of these soldiers, was their veneration for their priests. Once a chaplain was brought to the front who had been stealing. A subaltern officer kissed his hand, and then with the greatest reverence removed his robe and gave him over to two other soldiers. Only after the priestly garb was taken from him was he treated as the Russians treat thieves; he was laid upon a bundle of straw and regularly flogged; but then again he was reclad and kissed with the same marks of reverence. Harsh as these single traits were, still the great good-naturedness of the Russian soldiers had very much that was attractive for us; they were confiding and grateful, especially when one gave them brandy to drink.

While these strange phenomena were passing in review before my absorbed imagination, suddenly a cannon ball struck in the market place, not far from me, and shattered a leg of one of the Russian soldiers. I ran home in terror, but the Russian regiment took shelter behind the red tower. On the same evening a suburb, called the Strohhoof, was set on fire by French balls, but the inhabitants soon succeeded in putting out the flames. On the next morning Halle appeared to be freed from besiegers, but there was fear lest the French should try to force a passage over the Saale in another place. The fortifications of the city, particularly the palisades and the *tête-de-pont* were examined, and on the Prussian side all male persons in the neighborhood were set to work at short hand digging trenches. I too shared the satisfaction of having worked at it all day. The women brought refreshments to their husbands; but as naturally no one troubled herself about me, I had an opportunity to practice abstinence. My appetite grew seriously in consequence. Even my old master Türk plied the spade in a right lively manner. He came to the work with the remark: "It goes to the head."

After that day I had no longer any great desire to take an active part in warlike operations. That sort of participation in the war of liberation had not suited my taste. The harder and the more unaccustomed our toil had been, the more astonished were we when the Prussians, with ut being in the least pressed by the enemy, gave up

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our laborious defenses and retreated from the city. Not until the next day did the French with ringing music and victorious *mein* march in, and we were once more under their dominion. But they had by no means given us up on the Prussian side.

On the 2d of May, Sunday morning, the French division Lauriston, which lay in our town, was suddenly attacked by a portion of Bülow's corps and driven with great loss across the Saale. This onslaught began about six in the morning; unsuspected by the French, the Prussians stormed the gates. The enemy, awakened from their sleep, mustered in hurry and confusion. They tried to beat back the attack, but were driven out with the loss of their artillery.

For a long time I watched the conflict, sheltered by a window pillar; but when the window panes began to be shattered by the bullets, Türk bade me to go down with him and his daughter into the cellar. There, while the little girl, terrified by the roar of the near conflict, clung to my side, I was not a little astonished to remark that our party had become increased by two persons. These were the Herr Captain von Pastineller and his worthy Frau. The warlike action had awakened in the invalid hero all the sleeping recollections of the battle of Jena. I could distinctly hear his teeth chatter.

At last the evil guests were banished from the city. One of them had in a remarkable manner slept through the whole storm. When he rushed out of his back chamber into the street and comprehended what had been going on, he fired his musket at the Prussians crowding round him and then ended his life under blows from the butts of their guns. People looked on quietly and busied themselves with searching for the numerous dead bodies that lay about the streets. On such days, when the nerves are strained to the highest pitch of terrible excitement, one sees no look of horror nor of loathing.

After these occurrences no one could imagine that there could still be Frenchmen in the city; yet the bloody drama of the day was not to be without an afterpiece. A little squad of Frenchmen had concealed themselves upon the red tower. These from their height suddenly began to direct their fire upon the astonished Prussians. Of course this little troop had to succumb to the superior force. The greatest part of them were cut down, while the survivors were destined to be stripped and taken prisoners.

For me these warlike events were the occasion of idleness and of unprofitable fancies. My musical studies had come to an end for the time, and I would gladly have gone back to the school of the Orphan House. But the Orphan House had been turned into a hospital, and both the teachers and the scholars fared as I did; they had plenty of spare time and could, without neglect of duty, watch the variegated warlike life that was developing beneath their eyes. No wonder, then, if every other business almost wholly ceased.

This gave me opportunity to witness the review which Blücher held of the Silesian army. The old hero stationed himself at the *Gevatterbude* on the Halle marketplace, and let the troops march by before him. I felt as if that moment in itself were quite enough to have lived for. Enthusiastic jubilation rang towards him from all sides. No one at that moment thought of the

French domination, from which Halle was by no means yet entirely free. The fruit women kissed the greybeard's feet and offered him the best they had. He took thereof and ate, whenever there was a little break in the enormous line of regiments. This march through Halle of the Silesian army was very soon followed by the days of the battle of Leipsic.

We heard the thunder of the artillery on the 16th of October; at first from Möckern only. Then I was allowed no rest; I was obliged to see the terrible sight close at hand. I persuaded a comrade, by the name of Reiche, to go with me upon the battle field. At first he looked at me with astonished eyes; but the thunder of cannon has a remarkably attractive power for German youth; Reiche too could not resist it, and so we set out on our way together on the 17th.

Behind Skenditz the first victims of the battle excited our attention; they were Cossacks, left behind there. Presently we reached that famous barn of Möckern, which was so obstinately defended by the French, but finally was set on fire, and the unfortunate defenders burnt to death. From here along we found Prussians and Frenchmen peaceably lying side by side in long rows. The grapeshot had stretched them out by companies; on almost every face a great repose had settled; the distortions of the death struggle were nowhere to be seen.—We approached the same army which we had seen march by the field marshal in Halle. The heights of Möckern were strongly occupied. The wounded were carried to Halle, where the Orphan House with its thousand chambers offered an excellent hospital. The Prussian soldiers enjoyed seeing us two youths among them, and not another mortal far and wide was to be seen. I was fortunate enough to find a friend among the officers of the Landwehr, who informed me of the progress of the fight at Möckern and of their expectations for the coming days.

Before us, in the plains of Leipsic, rolled a prodigious and incessant thunder from the battle which the peoples waged against each other. But the balls did not reach the station of the regiments encamped in our vicinity. They had already richly done their work. At times the wind scattered the endless clouds of smoke, which whirled off in the distance, and the assisted eye could then overlook the situation of the battle; but very quickly all was veiled again by smoke of powder.

The sun declined, when suddenly the drums beat the *generale* around us. The cavalry were obliged to mount, and the infantry were under arms. Here we had a picture of what was left after such a battle, of a company, a battalion or a regiment. Many a company counted not more than three or four men. The most of them had no more officers. The under-officers commanded.

Properly we should have gone back to Halle, but curiosity would still detain us. We could not separate ourselves from the exciting scenes that surrounded us. We saw cavalry approaching in the distance. The Saxons had again come over: the prudent Saxons put themselves under the Prussian colors. They had handkerchiefs upon their swords and with these they saluted their German brothers. These answered with a lively "Hurrah!"

Behind us stood 20,000 Swedes in the reserve; the host spread along the horizon like a cloud.

Prince Bernadotte commanded in person. This upstart king snuffed the mouldy smell that spread itself abroad from the throne of Napoleon.

My friend, the officer, gave me at parting, from the spoils that lay in heaps about us, a pair of beautifully adorned pocket pistols, and to my comrade Reiche a little dagger. The evening grew dark and we had at last to make up our minds to setting out upon our homeward way.

We could already see the towers of Halle, when a Cossack met us, took away our gifts, and even treated our watches and our money as his own property. When he had taken from us all he rode off slowly, whistling, as if he had done nothing but his duty. In speechless sorrow our eyes followed our watches and our purses. Of the pistols and the little dagger we could say: "Soor won, soon lost!" A second encounter with Cossacks was destined to be still more calamitous for us.

Meanwhile we kept on toward Halle, where the woe that war brings with it met us in melancholy forms. Here typhus and the lazaretto fever raged. Many important men were snatched away by these diseases. I may name among them only Reil and Jacob, brother of Councillor von Jacob, besides the well-known Kapellmeister Reichardt. Reil had done much for Halle; especially he had brought the salt springs and the mineral springs of the place into repute. It was he that had induced the Weimar troupe of artists to come to Halle in the summer. Therefore the sympathy shown at his funeral was unexampled. He was buried in an old giant's grave that lay in his garden, which was a present from the king. This giant's grave (*Hünengrab*) is still called Reil's mound. Often since have I read with emotion the stanza of Horace designated for his tomb stone by the deceased; it is engraved upon a simple small black tablet fastened without ornament upon the rock:

"Linquenda tellus et domus et placens  
Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum  
Te, præter invisas cupressos,  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur."

As Türk's choir sang at all these funerals, so too we accompanied Johann Friedrich Reichardt to his last resting place. This solemnity was particularly affecting to me. For I had often had occasion to go into the house of the celebrated song composer. Türk corresponded with him, and I often had to take his letters to Giebichenstein to his friend. Reichardt knew my musical talents, and he took pleasure in laying before me his own and his daughter's works. With the daughter I sang duets. Goethe's Songs of the *Müllerin*, of Reichardt's composition, never pleased me at all on account of the text; on the contrary I have since won many friends with Reichardt's beautiful song of Türk: "*Im Windesgräusch*," because I sang it well and liked to sing it.

In this unhappy year for Halle (1813), when sickness and the miseries of war in all shapes occupied all minds, it was impossible to devote oneself to any continuous studies. I was glad enough therefore to accept the invitation of a friend, named Müller, to make a journey on foot with him to his parents' residence at Heldrungen. Near Heldrungen lay the old Sachsenburg, which had occupied my youthful fancy in a lively manner; with careless hearts we had left Halle, and we already saw Heldrungen lying at our feet, as

we emerged from the thicket of the woods. But we had not much time to enjoy the prospect, for besides the beauty of the landscape we also spied, not too far off, two Cossacks. I still had an uneasy recollection of those Cossacks who had relieved us of our watches and our money on the way home from Leipsic. It was a serious matter, any way, meeting these born highway robbers. We hurried back into the woods at once and hid ourselves in a dense thicket. But Cossacks have as sharp eyes as Indians; not one of our movements had escaped them, and to our dismay they turned their horses directly toward our hiding place. We stood as if we were petrified, for in these wild riders, with whom man and beast seem to have been cast together from one mould, and in whom the scent of the wild beast is added to the slyness of the savage man, there is no mercy. They began with pulling off our coats, then followed the waistcoats, the trowsers, boots and stockings, with all the cash we had about us. They sought in vain for our watches, of which their comrade had already robbed us. And now that we were almost naked we hoped to be set free, but now the agony began. The rascals drew forth their knouts, thinking to extort from us the treasures which we might have concealed. They rode gloomily and slowly round us in a circle; but when they had at length arrived at the conviction that we had nothing more, one of the Cossacks gave me a heavy parting blow upon my breast with his fist, so that for several weeks I could not breathe without pain, and then they went their ways. We waited until it began to grow dark, and then wandered sad and freezing toward Heldrungen. It seemed to me as if a bad dream tortured me, so strangely did I appear to myself thus wandering in my shirt. I thankfully received the garments which Müller's parents gave me.

[To be Continued.]

### The (Boston) Musical Season.

The musical season in Boston may be said to open with the first performance of Italian operas at the Boston Theatre this evening. For although we have had a series of three miscellaneous concerts of a high order, in which the principal artists of the Parepa-Rosa opera troupe took part; although Miss Phillips's concert served to introduce two new and excellent musicians to Boston hearers, and although we are in the midst of a very enjoyable course of cheap and popular concerts, yet these are rather the heralds of the coming hosts than the advance guard of the army itself. A glance at the list of good things in store for us proves that we are at the beginning of a memorable season,—one unsurpassed in this country in many years, both in the amount and in the quality of the higher class of musical entertainment with which we are to be favored during the coming months.

The season of Italian opera, beginning to night and lasting two weeks, claims the first notice, but here we can add little to the full information that our advertising and reading columns have already given. We may, however, congratulate the Boston public on the honor of being the first to hear the great Swedish singer, Mlle. Nilsson, who she has won her highest reputation abroad, on the operatic stage. We presume that the promise of a representative of Ambroise Thomas's grand opera of "Hamlet" will be kept; and in that case we shall witness the famous impersonation of *Ophelia*, a part which she is said to have "created," and which many critics declare has one sustained an opera that has not otherwise earned the right to live. The rest of the company has been selected with much care from the hosts of foreign singers who were ready to work in the American mine. We need not repeat the names of the gentlemen and ladies, unknown and well known, who are to fill the several parts. We have no doubt from the reputation they have already achieved here or elsewhere, that in a musical point of view at least the season of opera will be one in striking and agreeable contrast with the "scratch" performances with

which we have been compelled to content ourselves of late years.

Not to follow a strictly chronological order in speaking of the several important events of the musical season, we may mention next the coming of the Parepa-Rosa English opera company in January for a season of three weeks. The efforts of this company, as constituted heretofore, caused a veritable revival of interest in English opera, and as it has now been strengthened by the addition of several excellent singers, and its repertory having been enlarged by many works, some of them wholly new to American audiences and others now for the first time clad in an English dress, there is every reason to believe that the honest attempt of its managers to please the public by presenting an entertainment worthy of patronage, will meet with the success it deserves. Among the new adaptations are Balfe's "Satanella," and Fioravanti's "Columella," both new to America; Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" and "Lucrezia Borgia," Wallace's "Lurline," Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" and Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," besides Cherubini's "Water Carrier," the overture to which is familiar, but which is, as an opera, an entire novelty in this country.

While we are thus to be favored with representations of the lyric drama, the prospect for musical entertainment of another sort, but of the highest class, is more than usually favorable. Our two great associations, the first our chief source of supply for the best instrumental compositions, the other the admirable interpreter of the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, have laid plans that are not more tempting in the promise than they are likely to be in the fulfillment. The programmes for ten Symphony Concerts, on alternate Thursday afternoons, beginning on the 9th of November and ending on the 21st of March, have been substantially arranged. We are promised three symphonies by Beethoven, all familiar, two by Haydn, both wholly new to Boston, and one each by Mozart, Gade, Schubert, Raff and Schumann, of which only the last has ever been heard in Boston, some of them never before in this country. In the other numbers of the programmes, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Handel, Schubert, Schumann and other composers are to be represented by works that have never before been played in Boston. It will give an idea of the amount of new music in these concerts if we say that, of the forty-nine numbers on the ten programmes, three are new in these concerts, twelve others are new in Boston; and seven more have never been performed at all in America. In other words, almost one-half of the music will be now first performed in the Harvard concerts. The soloists will be much the same as in past years. Four of our resident musicians, Miss Mehlig and Mr. Richard Hoffman of New York, will play pianoforte concertos at six of the concerts: Mrs. Barry will sing in the first; we are to hear solos for the clarinet, oboe and violoncello in two others, and in the tenth a chorus of male voices will take the place of a soloist. As these concerts are invariably well patronized and give the highest delight to the cultivated ears they address, we only mention these particulars to show what is in store for them. The Handel and Haydn Society, too, is actively in the field, and although no announcements have been made by authority, we may say that the society was never in a more efficient and flourishing condition than now. It is strong enough to exercise a more rigid exclusiveness than heretofore toward applicants for membership, with a consequent gain in the unity and power of the chorus. This is a highly encouraging feature of the situation, since recent experience shows that the Boston public is becoming more appreciative of the work of the chorus. During the last week in November the oratorios of "Judas Maccabæus," and "Elijah" are to be given; on Christmas eve, "St. Paul;" on Christmas evening, the "Messiah," and on two evenings at least in January, two other oratorios not yet named. It is not unlikely that oratorios will also be given at Easter. During the season the society will attack with renewed energy the "St. Matthew Passion-Music" of Bach, so difficult to learn, but which the Boston public seem prepared to hear and appreciate, judging from the reception of the few tit-bits [!] already given.

For the six oratorio performances decided upon for the months of November, December and January the members of the Dolby ballad troupe are under engagement with the Handel and Haydn Society. The two ladies and three gentlemen who are the vocalists of this company have a reputation of the best kind in their native land, and one of them added greatly to the artistic completeness of the May festival of the Handel and Haydn. They are to give us a taste of their quality in the neglected field of English ballads, glees and madrigals, in a short course of ballad concerts next week. Our own London correspondent told us in his last letter how much these singers

would be missed in England, and how earnestly all concert and oratorio goers hoped they would be sent back as speedily as possible. Add to these concerts the piano matinées which Miss Mehlig proposes to give, the classical trio matinées that are to alternate with the Harvard concerts, and other series of chamber-music which we have not even space to mention, and it will be acknowledged that the musical season promises to be of more than usual duration, of more than usual variety and excellence, and in point of quantity something almost unprecedented.—*Daily Advertiser*, Oct. 9.

### The Five Festivals.

(From the Orchestra.)

This year for music has been a year of curious and singular events. We have had a swarm of clever professors from France, and although brief the sojourn of some, the influence of the great school of practical art emanating from the Paris Académie has been felt in our theatres and in the music teaching of the metropolis. Then there has followed the opening of the great Hall at Kensington, the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, the Rhine Festival at Cologne, the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, and the Annual Festival for the clerical charities by the three Western Cathedral choirs this year held at Gloucester. Nor should be forgotten the opening of Westminster Abbey to the great church music of Sebastian Bach, and the introduction once more of the orchestra—a full orchestra—as an important adjunct to divine worship, and of immense teaching results to the profession and the public at large.

The organ in the Albert Hall has brought out Bach; Sydenham put forth Handel; Cologne and Bonn promulgated Beethoven: the three prophets in song of clear sight, invariable truth, and of honest, upright artistic frame of mind. With these three men of might, the power of art was ever subservient to the distinct necessity occasioned by the emotion. They had fathomed the hidden connection between sound and soul, and made themselves familiar with phases, forms, and combinations of tones which to this hour strike the ear as strange, weird, and incomprehensible, although never lawless, irreverent, irrelevant, wild, or disconnected. Musical creation is identified with the personal character of the composer; hence the almost deification of Handel, the saint-worship of Bach, the glorious fame of Beethoven. Their music is the express revelation of their lives, the temper of their moral beings. Bach and Handel lived in the days of the first set of the French philosophers who prepared the way for the triumph of atheism, the downfall of Christianity, and the horrors of a great nation in the hands of the dregs of the people. Whilst Voltaire was doing all he could to undermine the historic marvels of the Evangelists, Bach was not only teaching himself but setting others to teach the great miracle of the Gospel—and his exposition of the wondrous history had its power in his own day; and that power is now expanding and strengthening, nor can we calculate the immense good likely to arise from the present attention paid to the commentary of Sebastian Bach upon the histories of St. Matthew and St. John. Song has not lost its mastery over man's heart; and if music be stronger than laws—for so it was admitted to be in olden days—we may find the Cantor of Leipzig a foremost reasoner in the controversies of Colenso, Darwin, and all the propounders of atomic and meteoric philosophies. No one can doubt that it is religious feeling which so keeps Handel's music to the fore. The oratorio of the "Messiah" carries sail and wafts with it the "Israel" and the secondary Biblical dramas of the great composer. The oratorio of the "Messiah" took the orchestra into Westminster Abbey more than eighty years ago, founded the Western Festivals, the Birmingham Festival, and has proved the chief attraction of all and every Festival from Handel's annual celebration at the Foundling Hospital to the present time. By means of the songs and choruses in this oratorio the people have been teaching one another the great truths of the Christian Church, requiring neither creed nor articles. Whilst High and Low Church, Prelacy and Congregationalism have had their smart tussles and more mischievous fights on a larger scale, the great vocalist, the fine orchestra, and the huge chorus have sounded the alarm, intoned the faith, settled the uproar, and done what bishops and archbishops could not do—brought peace and calm. And so it ever will be. Song is a long way ahead of logic, especially logic upon mysteries and the supernatural. The Pope may declare his infallibility, and councils reiterate the dogma, but "Ein feste Burg" and the other people's chorals have been sung throughout the length and breadth of France. Louis the Grand no doubt imagined he had for ever silenced the people's hymn in the Strasburg Cathedral, but the hymn and

the tune have conquered, and the old choral has again been heard in the old Minster there, and the work of the great French Monarch undone and put right. With Luther's hymns in their knapsacks, the German soldiers were a great company of preachers—an improvised Church Missionary Society—with kings and princes, in place of bishops and merchants, as patrons. Each division contained so many Boanerges—sons of thunder—who failed not to drum hymn and tune into the ears of the astonished Celt. Such is the "influence of art united with the power of faith."

With Beethoven music was a means of light. He for some time held a fancy creed, but with it an assured conviction that he had his special mission, and was sent to teach through music. He was inclined to dispute the great creed of the Church, but when setting it to music in his last Grand Mass, although the internal struggle was beyond measure painful, the joy burst in, and the new-born light is heralded in triumphant tone and tremendous effect. Art occupied his whole being, and a continual contemplation of the spiritual and supernatural in order to weld it into his being and take hold of it in his art, ended in the bursting in of the clear light, and put everlasting life into the music. This Mass is in truth the personal struggle—the personal victory of the composer—"This is my creed and there is no other:" such is the defiant language of Beethoven's last Eucharistic service.

In all really grand Festivals—reunions for testifying to the power of doing in art—only that music is exhibited which manifests the concentration of the powers of the composer. In fact it comes to a personal worship. Now the supernatural—the revelation of God to man—has hitherto proved the favorite theme of all celebrated musicians—for love and gratitude are the best and highest incentives for the employ of our faculties when rightly used. Genius exercised in any other direction is shorn of half its light, denuded of more than half its potency. Thus the great musical festival, whether here or in Germany, is in some sense a religious reunion; it is an Ammergau drama without the terrible accompaniments for the eye. And it is a foreshadowing of the promise, "All the world shall sing of Thee." It has been a question whether or not the Western Cathedral meetings should be given up. Although "country conducting" had its mishaps and inevitable failures, and that odd notion of a cathedral organist, "I know all about it, and no one else knows anything," was proving a misery and a mischief to all parties—still the real point that endangered the existence of these festivals was the question of the propriety or impropriety of music as a teacher of religion independently of service. Is it the correct thing for vocalists and instrumentalists and chorus singers to come in to a cathedral and "teach one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs?" and not only to "teach one another," but to teach a Dean and Chapter, a Bishop and his Chaplains, Archdeacons and Rural Deans, Rectors, Vicars, and Curates—nay, a whole diocese—lay and clerical? Well, the question has been fought over for just one hundred and thirty-seven years, when in steps the illustrious Bach with his Commentary on Saint Matthew. The people begin to sing; the solemn organizing surge of that opening rhythm is heard; all feel the act of worship—that the Cathedral is the only place for such music: and indifferent and mediocre as was the mere performance, through circumstances unnecessary to mention, Sebastian Bach triumphed over all, and the question as a religious one is for ever put at rest.

Had it been necessary to justify the use of an orchestra in a Cathedral, or to demonstrate that real devotional music could be presented there, independently of service, and yet operate largely and beneficially on the feelings, the production of the Bach *Passione* and its aesthetic results would go far to settle the dispute. But the Country Cathedral Festival rests not upon these grounds. The clerical corporation contents itself with a very moderate exhibition of artistic music, and once in three years becomes suddenly afflicted with the epidemic of a week's grand music in order that the country people may gather round the Mother Church and become more intimately acquainted with the residents in the Precinct. There are nightly private assemblies, and on the "Messiah" day the grand County Ball. Without these reunions there would be no Festival, no sermon on the use of music in churches, and no importation of musical talent from the Metropolis. No man can rise higher than the daily reiteration of his acts, and no cathedral organist can jump out of his skin, forget the one hundred and fifty weeks of chants, services, and routine anthems, and by miracle, or else mere act of conjuring, place himself on a par with the foremost London Conductor, and rival him in his duties. Until the orchestra gains a permanent

footing in the Cathedral, and the organist is found dealing with high-class music, if there is to be a Festival in a Cathedral, let those manage it whose business it is to be daily and weekly concerned in such undertakings. Sebastian Bach composed the *Passione* music because he had an orchestra and large chorus constantly in his church, Sunday after Sunday, all the year round. He lived with and in his orchestra. A Cathedral organist lives with his boys, his six men, and his organ, and here is the entire length and breadth of his musical activities. The man with the baton always in his hand must have the advantage, and the garrison bandmaster, the conductor of the telling orchestra at the City Balls, would each make himself more at home with a large orchestra than the artist over ivories and pedals, small choirs and psalm chants. François Cramer settled this in St. Paul's Cathedral long ago. At the Festival for the Sons of the Clergy, Dr. Hayes from Oxford was accustomed to conduct, or rather to try to conduct, the London Band. On Dr. Hayes waving his baton there was no response. Another elevation of the wand, and no sound. Hereupon Cramer broke in: "When that gentleman sits down we will begin." So Dr. Hayes sat down and never again appeared. The country Cathedrals must make every Sunday more like a grand musical festival, and the Deans and Chapters must make it their foremost charge that high class music be heard in these sanctuaries. Increase the choirs and make fine music the real offering in these churches, and then there may be some hope of success with the organist, conductor, and the triennial meeting. If cathedral music is to be the acme of art music for a round of three years, then cathedral music must be the pabulum of the Festival, and all parties will be inured to it, like it, and pay for it. Further, it would be in keeping with the object of the Festival—the charity—a kind of mild and patient requiem over the dead bodies of the Minor Canons, whose families are the beneficiaries on the occasion.

In Germany the art-point over-rides the devotional: everybody becomes critical, the youngest chorister æsthetic. A Teuton festival is a serious thing, and amateur artistic gatherings, high solemnities—Cologne goes to Düsseldorf, and Düsseldorf and Cologne meet again at Bonn. A new Empire is at stake, the Rhine is agitated. The Cathedral organists stick to their organs and depart not from their rôle. The right man is found in the right place; no miracles are sought for, no conjurings practised, and the result is the one aimed at and expected.

The real opening of the Albert Hall has yet to take place. The organ and the players have done some little for Bach, but the musical power of England has yet to be represented in this Hall. It is no place for mere sensual play of sounds; and unless used in a right and specific direction will fail in its mission. We do not ask for the Beethoven Mass, for a representation of this commonly costs the Sacred Harmonic Society from four to five hundred pounds, but there are great things yet in oratorio which cannot fail in filling the exchequer. The Albert Hall may be conservative, but it must not be bigoted. It may lead the way, it must not hinder or impede.

### Carl Tausig.

BY HANS VON BUELLOW.

(Translated for this Journal from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Leipzig.)

It may be fifteen or sixteen years since, in Weimar, at the Academy, the boy Carl Tausig was introduced by his father to Dr. Franz Liszt, with the request that he might be pleased to give the boy instruction. The father was himself quite an intelligent gentleman, musician and teacher; in his day noted as one of the most elegant players of Thalberg, he did not belong to that abominable species of fathers, the fathers of wonder-children. We disciples, who were present at Liszt's home during this introduction, shall never forget the wondering astonishment, almost mixed with awe, which the play of the wonderful boy caused us, and which irresistibly won the master's heart and head. What thunders, what lightnings, what heat-lightnings!—what energetic rhythmic fire, what a variety of colors, not lacking in shades of wondrous tenderness, though the character of his play was preëminently stormy and passionate. We were all perfectly electrified, and Peter Cornelius, not at all in want of words ordinarily—he united the power of stating his impressions with finest faculty of receiving them—could merely stammer: "Why, that is a regular devil of a fellow!" To be sure;

but it was not a devil escaped from the lower world, but one who had fallen down directly from heaven, an arch demon of talent, a demon whom the man, possessed by this talent, succeeded in taming, in subduing by restless work of self-culture, by force of his artistic tendency; whom he succeeded in making subservient to the most elevated tasks in art, in short, changed him into a veritable angel of light.

During the time of his studies in Weimar, Carl Tausig was by no means satisfied with the cultivation of his talent as a virtuoso, perfectly ready, even then, for concert-playing; but diligently he studied all musical disciplines theoretically and practically. He was practically attracted to the study of the orchestra by the frequent theatrical productions and concerts under Liszt's spirited direction, which were truly splendid, and full of highest inspiration to the smallest detail. He diligently applied himself to the art of orchestration. His attempts at composition in this period, exhibit a blooming, original fancy and a remarkable certainty and skill in orchestration, besides divers "impossibilities" and labored extravaganzas. All these attempts were afterwards formally withdrawn; among them a Piano Concerto, a concert Polonaise, both with orchestral accompaniment, several "Symphonic Poems," for instance, one entitled "Manfred," and the ballad "The Spectral Ship." The latter became almost fatal to Tausig's fame as a musician, by an unfortunate piano arrangement, and by a still more unfortunate publication of the same. I shall not dwell on this side of Tausig's eminent talent, which is little known, because its manifestations will not be open to public criticism. Those who are able to judge of the mastery with which Tausig transcribed the most difficult orchestral music imaginable, for his instrument, will not be surprised at it. One not as much at home in the domain of the orchestra as Tausig was, could never have arranged so conscientiously and in a manner surpassing all possible praise, the piano score of Wagner's most complicated musical drama, "The Master-singers of Nürnberg;" an arrangement surprising by the skill with which things seemingly untranscribable are joined together: the same may be said of his paraphrases of six fragments of various string-quartets by Beethoven. Speaking of this I must not omit to mention his partially new instrumentation of Chopin's E-minor Concerto, which he made during the last part of his life. I am uncertain which to place highest, his piety to Chopin, or the individual finesse and elegance with which he went to work; but I am sure that its publication will place Tausig as a musician still higher in the regard of many of his colleagues.

Besides these artistic studies, Tausig occupied himself with the acquisition of languages and the study of philosophy and mathematics; in fact the discipline of his mind was carried on as thoroughly as the practice of his fingers. Tausig long ago made a motto, which Richard Wagner had written on an album leaf, and which I had copied for him; it was his guiding principle in all the varying epochs of his life. It reads as follows: "It is knowledge that is destined to nourish and to chasten the holy flame of art in its disciples."

In the orchestral and chamber-concerts established at Berlin by the subscriber (January 1858, &c.) the young man Tausig for the first time publicly played in that city, which afterwards he chose for his residence, and which still later was to be the resting place of his earthly frame. His playing caused great excitement, according to the different temperaments of the auditors (a fact which, in judging of musical parties so-called, ought to be taken into consideration more frequently than it is); he was admired without stint by some; by others, especially those who never can understand that "even the most turbid must may at last become a noble wine," he was condemned almost altogether. For several reasons, better here passed over in silence, partly also on ac-

count of his personal ambition—not having then formed in his mind the high ideal of the mission of a piano-player,—Tausig did not choose Berlin for the starting-point in his career of a virtuoso. The striving for, and attainment of, this high ideal was to secure for him afterwards his world-wide fame. So he went on his travels for his laurels. Seduced perhaps by my personal example in Berlin, he at once went to Berlin, to make similar attempts at propagandism in his quality of an apostle of the music of the future. His youthful and enthusiastic desire for activity found free play here in his occupation as director, more even than in that of pianist. If the proverb: "Many enemies, much honor," be really true, then he ought to have exchanged at least the double amount of glory for his propaganda in the interest of New Weimar, connected as it was with important sacrifices of every kind. But this was by no means the case. . . . What matters it, on which of the innumerable roads the individual arrives at the Rome of truth, according to the difference in his talents, and how long it takes him to get there? Whether we come to Wagner through Meyerbeer, whether to Beethoven through Berlioz and Liszt (the guides are indeed as worthy of the goal as Virgil was worthy of a Dante); whether to Bach and Cherubini through Mendelssohn, or to Mendelssohn and an understanding of his plastic art through the antipathetic though most interesting and beautiful labyrinths of Schumann, what matters it? Only he who is really come to maturity is able to recognize in Mendelssohn the greatest genius, as far as form is concerned, after Mozart. The principal point is that the goal be reached, which consists in the harmony arrived at by much struggle of the artist with himself, and in the harmony with his special calling, which though in a subordinate sphere, can never be imagined without a reference to the leaders in art, and to the principal demands of the latter. . . . Had Carl Tausig developed normally, in the usual straightforward model routine of a conservatory, he would probably never have been the man whose loss for the world of art to-day we have to regret so much. His confession as an artist, when he had fought his way to the harmony mentioned before, might be expressed in the same words which master Liszt once used to designate his own: that there really are only two parties in art, one consisting of those that know and can do, and another (to which no one was willing to confess that he belonged) of the dust-up-whirling ignoramuses and impotents.

(To be Continued.)

## Music Abroad.

VIENNA. From Vienna we learn that the Abbé Liszt has finished his great oratorio "Christ," which will soon be performed in that city. The work is divided into three parts, comprising fourteen different heads, viz. —1, The Introduction; 2, Pastoral and Vision of the Angels; 3, Stabat Mater Speciosa; 4, Song of the Shepherds in the Manger; 5, The Anointing of the Three Kings; 6, Hymn of Praise; 7, Pater Noster; 8, The Establishment or Foundation of the Christian Church; 9, The Storm on the Lake; 10, The Entry into Jerusalem; 11, Tristis est anima mea; 12, Stabat Mater dolorosa; 13, Easter Hymn; 14, Resurrection of Christ.

It is stated that a Wagner Association has just been formed at Vienna, and is only waiting to be legally sanctioned, previous to commencing active operations. Its object is to give a practical answer to the appeal addressed by Herr R. Wagner to his friends some time ago—to facilitate the performance of his "stage festival play," "Der Ring der Nibelungen," at Bayreuth, in the summer of 1873, and to assist Austrian Wagnerites in their laudable efforts to witness the "stage festival play" aforesaid. The first aim of the association will be to procure as large a number as possible of the patrons' tickets at 300 thalers each, of which 1,000 are to be issued by the patron's committee at Berlin, and to constitute the requisite capital of 300,000 thalers. Each patron's ticket of 300 dollars may be divided into three parts each, each part admitting the owner to a separate

performance. The association propose establishing branches in the various towns and cities throughout the Austrian Empire. The funds are to be raised by private subscriptions on the part of the members of the association, as well as by concerts, theatrical performances, &c., the gross receipts going to purchase patrons' tickets for poor musicians and musical students.

The programme drawn up by Herr Anton Rubenstein, as conductor of the Gesellschafts-Concerts, will include many works, both of old and modern masters, never yet heard here. Such, for instance, are Bach's celebrated Psalm "Eine feste Burg," and various novelties by the Abbate Liszt, Herren Brahms, Goldmark, &c. Herr A. Rubinstein's own sacred opera: *Das verlorene Paradies*, and the whole of Robert Schumann's *Faust* music will be performed.

STRASSBURG. The Conservatory has been re-organized. It will re-open, under the title of the Town Conservatory, some time in October. Herr Franz Stockhausen, from the Conservatory, Leipzig, has been appointed director.

BRUSSELS. The operas recently given at the Théâtre de la Monnaie have been *Les Mousquetaires*, *Le Barbier*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Lucia*. The business has been far from good. The same may be asserted of the artists newly engaged, of the chorus, and of the band.

PESTH. According to a letter recently received, the Abbate Franz Liszt will return in the beginning of November, and remain through the winter. In the same letter it is stated that he will produce his oratorio of *Christ* here before producing it elsewhere, just as he did with his *Heilige Elizabeth*.

SALZBURG. Herr Julius Epstein, professor at the Vienna Conservatory of Music, has been named an honorary member of the Cathedral Musical Union, and of the Mozarteum.—The Beethoven Centenary was duly celebrated by the latter institution on the 3d inst. The hall was festively decorated and lighted. Beethoven's bust, crowned with a laurel wreath, stood in a perfect bower of flowers. The proceedings opened with a prologue in verse, by Herr Carl Ziegler. Then came the Sinfonia Eroica, given with such spirit as to produce two recalls for the conductor, Dr. Bach. This was followed by the vocal chorus, "Ehre Gottes"; March and chorus, and Turkish March from *Die Ruinen von Athen*. The last piece had to be repeated. Professor Epstein, assisted by the chorus and orchestra, then played the *Pianoforte Fantasia*.

MUNICH. Travellers passing through Munich next week may feast themselves, if inclined, on Wagner's compositions, of which the principal are being given at the opera in that town. "Rheingold" and the "Walky" will be performed on the 18th and 20th of this month. It seems that Italy is to have its Wagner mania, like other continental countries, for "Lohengrin" is to be performed in grand style at the Teatro Comunale at Bologna. An Italian audience will thus have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits and demerits of the much despised and also much praised *Musica dell'avvenire*.—*Standard*, Sept. 16.

MILAN. As we have already announced, Signor Verdi's new opera, *Aida*, will be produced at the Scala this winter. About two years ago, the Viceroy entrusted a French author with the task of working an old episode of Egyptian history into a story. This story was put into the form of a libretto by Signor Ghislanzoni, and Verdi undertook to set it to music for the Vice-Regal Theatre, Cairo. His price was 150,000 francs. Verdi completed his score, and the scenery and dresses, which had been got up in Paris, were waiting to be transported to their destination, when Paris was besieged. Nothing was injured, however, and the dresses, scenery, &c., were duly forwarded at the conclusion of peace. *Aida* will be produced at Cairo in November. The Viceroy purchased with the 150,000 francs above mentioned only the right of producing the opera at his theatre before it was produced elsewhere. The firm of Ricordi has bought the right of performance at other theatres, and of publication, for 60,000 francs, so that the composer has already received the respectable sum of 210,000 francs for his work.

### London.

PROMENADE CONCERTS. M. Rivière's programmes during the past week have been judiciously selected, to suit different musical tastes. On Friday last, Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* was given, with Mdma. Rudersdorff, Miss Helen d'Alton, Mr. Nordblom, and Mr. Whitney, as exponents. Tuesday was a "Meyerbeer night," when selections from *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Robert le Diable*, *Le Prophète*, and *Les Huguenots*, were heard with unqualified pleasure. On the

same evening, Sir Julius Benedict's new march, "William and Olga" (composed for the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen of Wurtemberg) was produced, conducted by the composer, who was received, on his *entrée*, with warm applause, which at the conclusion of the march, was repeated with enthusiasm. This march—a decided success—gives further evidence of the remarkable ability of its distinguished composer, and has been repeated every evening with, if possible, increased effect. Beethoven was in the ascendant on Wednesday, when "The men of Prometheus" overture, the *Pastoral Symphony*, the pianoforte concerto in C minor (pianist, Mdma. Julia Wolff), a violin romance (played capably by Mr. Viotti Collins), were the *pièces de résistance*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was repeated last night with the same vocalists as on the previous occasion. The "classical music" lovers have had, therefore, little cause for complaint during the week, and the theatre has been fully and fashionably attended in consequence. Sir Julius Benedict held the *bâton* at each performance. The "miscellaneous" parts of the programme, under the *bâton* of M. Rivière, have also proved attractive, the late Jullien's "British Army Quadrille" coming in for its full share of applause; while the *Princess of Trebizonde* Quadrille by Arban, the Bridesmaid Waltz by Godfrey, and the galops, marches and waltzes by M. Rivière, have quite satisfied the admirers of dance music. During the week the Processional March from Mr. W. G. Cousins' *Maid of Orleans* has been heard with pleasure, and there is little doubt of M. Rivière bringing this, his first series of promenade concerts, to a successful termination.

The death is announced of Mr. Cipriani Potter, formerly Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, one of the most illustrious of Beethoven's pupils. He was born in 1792, and received his earliest instructions in music from Atwood, Calcott, Crotch, and Wolff; and afterwards pursued his studies in Germany. At Vienna he enjoyed the friendship of Beethoven, who gave him advice and assistance. Mr. Potter held for many years an eminent place among our musicians, and was formerly one of the conductors of the Philharmonic concerts. He distinguished himself also as a composer and a pianist. When Principal of the Royal Academy of Music (in which office he succeeded Dr. Crotch), he greatly contributed to the usefulness of that institution.

### Paris.

The French are still troubled by the foolish supposition, which has never yet been accepted as truth out of France itself, that singers and musicians, whatever their success may have been in other lands, cannot rest easy until their triumphs have received the "sanction" of a Parisian audience. On the strength of this delusion, M. Oscar Comettant proposes, in the *Siècle*, that immense subventions shall be given to the principal lyrical theatres of Paris, in default of which the prestige he attributes to these establishments will, he thinks, be endangered. The means he proposes for raising the subvention money are ingenious. He would tax the café concerts and other refreshment houses corresponding more or less closely to our music-halls, and with the proceeds form a subvention fund. Thus those who live by art, mingled with and corrupted by beer and coffee, would contribute to the resources of those who live by art alone. The tax on café-concerts ought, he estimates, counting their number at 250, to produce 840,000f., and he demands the contribution of an additional 860,000f., half from the State and half from the municipality of Paris. Of the 1,700,000f. thus obtained, he would give 300,000f. to the Opéra Comique, and the same sum to the Théâtre Lyrique. The Italian Opera would receive only 100,000f., while the subvention accorded to the French Opera (otherwise "Académie" or "Grand Opéra") would be raised to one million. According to a Paris correspondent of the *Independence Belge* the subvention question has already been decided. M. Jules Simon, Minister of Fine Arts, at an interview with the members of the Budget Commission, convinced them of the inadvisability of withdrawing the subventions altogether, and ultimately persuaded them to all annually, the following sums:—To the Opéra, 600,000f.; to the Théâtre Française, 240,000f.; to the Théâtre Italien, 100,000f.; to the Opéra Comique, 100,000f.; to the Odéon, 60,000f.; to the Théâtre Lyrique, 60,000f.

The authors, musical and literary, whose works are performed at the subvention theatres, will, for the present, in lieu of percentage on the receipts, receive 500f. a night. This sum is declared by those chiefly interested in the matter to be insufficient; but as the subventions are being reduced, and may before long be entirely withdrawn, and as the salaries of the singers and musicians are at the same time being cut

down, it is not unreasonable that the sums payable in authors' fees should also be diminished. At the Opera, artists in the receipt of less than 6,000 a year are to be paid their salaries in full. Those entitled to salaries above that figure will have 15 per cent. taken off, which for artists at 6,500f. will be trying.

The deaths of Auber, Féis, and M. Gauthrot, have occasioned many vacancies in important musical posts. Replacing Auber, Ambroise Thomas has already entered upon his functions as director of the Conservatoire, where the classes were re-opened on the 2d of September. He may be expected to show more energy than the veteran composer whom he succeeds; and it is stated that his first object will be to direct the studies of the pupils to the music of the classical masters alleged, of late years, to have been neglected. The death of Féis left vacant the directorship of the Brussels Conservatoire, to which M. Gevaert, hitherto chorus-master at the Grand Opera of Paris, has been appointed. M. Gevaert is succeeded at the Opera by M. Victor Massé, composer of *Galathée*, *Lara*, &c. It is expected that M. Gauthrot ("chef du chant") will be replaced by M. Bizet, son-in-law of Halévy, and composer of *Les Pecheurs de Perles*.

All engagements at the Opera with leading performers ("protagonists," as the Italians humorously call them) seem to be at an end. *Le Mérestrel* expresses a confident hope that M<sup>me</sup>. Sasse (formerly M<sup>me</sup>. Saxe) and M. Faure may be re-engaged; but the director, M. Halanzier, being still uncertain as to the amount of subvention to be accorded to him, is naturally uncertain as to the terms he may be able to offer to his principal artists. The musical papers speak of a "singing bass" ("bass chantante")—an expression which has no special meaning now that every bass is expected to sing), M. Boutry by name, of whom great things are expected, and who will, in any case, make his debut at the Opera; also of a florid soprano ("soprano à roulades"—again an absurd expression, since the talent for executing roulades to perfection is accompanied by and includes other talents), M<sup>lle</sup>. Thibault, whose engagement is already signed. M<sup>lle</sup>. Thibault is the daughter of the late conductor of the musical band at the Opera, who was killed by a shell during the second siege of Paris.

As to new works, the Parisians are promised, in the first place, M. Reyers's "Erostratus," an opera in two acts, originally composed for Baden-Baden, and performed there in the ancient days, when it used to be said that Baden was a piece of France on the German side of the Rhine, Strasbourg a piece of Germany on the French side. The latter observation still holds good in a very literal sense; but the former, now that Baden is deserted by the French, has lost its meaning. That highly national composer, M. Mermet, who, like Herr Wagner, writes his own librettos, has a "Jeanne d'Arc" ready, which, under existing circumstances, ought at least to obtain a "succès d'occasion." M. Eugène Diaz, son of the great painter of the "colorist" school, has reason to expect that his prize work, "La Coupe du Roi de Thulé" will be produced in the course of the winter. Finally, M. Ambroise Thomas's "Psyché," composed for the Opéra Comique, is, with the indispensable recitatives added, to be brought out at the Grand Opera. Several pieces from "Psyché" have already been performed at the concerts of the Conservatoire. Psyché, Eros, and Mercury are the principal characters, and the part of Mercury has been rearranged by the composer with a view to its performance by M. Faure.

M. Gounod's "Polyeucte" (a subject already treated by Donizetti in "I Martiri") is not to be given for the first time, as some one, it seems, has reported, at the Royal Italian Opera, but at the Grand Opéra of Paris. At the performance which recently took place at this theatre, for the benefit of the victims of the war, the money paid for tickets amounted only to 5000 francs. An additional sum of 800 francs was collected in the house by the Duchess McMahon and Madame Jules Simon. Thus, calculating that the audience consisted of about 1,200 persons, each patriot must have given for the benefit of his distressed countrymen something like fifteen sous. The programme was attractive enough, consisting as it did, of the second act of *Fuust*, the second act of *La Muette de Portici*, the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, and the fifth act of *L'Africaine*. On the other hand, it was a hot night.

M<sup>me</sup>. Miolan Carvalho has accepted an engagement at the Opéra Comique, where she is to make her first appearance in the thousandth representation of Herold's always fresh and charming work *La Pre aux Clercs*. M<sup>me</sup>. Balbi-Verdier is singing at the Athénée, which has just reopened with *Martha*. Flotow's popular opera will be followed by M. Boisselot's *Ne touchez pas à la Reine*. M. Garcia, son of Signor Manuel Garcia, has made a very successful debut as

a concert singer, and is about to be heard at the Athénée in the part of Figaro.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 21, 1871.

### The Vocal Works of Bach and Handel.— Letter by Robert Franz.

(Continued.)

We resume the translation of Robert Franz's "Open Letter" to Edward Hanslick, giving the history of his experience in the important work of completing the accompaniments of various Cantatas, Masses, Oratorios, &c., of Bach and Handel, and an exposition of the principles by which he has been guided in the work. After telling how it happened that the scores of these works, as originally left, are in many parts mere sketches as regards the harmony,—namely, because the composer himself, presiding at the organ or the *cembalo*, was the central nerve of the whole performance, in whom all the threads of all the interwoven parts were united, he proceeds as follows:

The all-important matter was, then, to restore a setting, unconstrainedly in keeping with the composition as it lay before us, which should not disturb its fundamental mood of feeling, but rather heighten its expression. Of course it had to be kept in the style and spirit of the master—a task which presupposed sure mastery of the forms of that time. The arts of simple and double counterpoint, of Imitation, of Canon and of Fugue: these to the ancients were no limitations; and so the arranger, or restorer (*Bearbeiter*), now, must never feel himself constrained by them.

Having achieved a satisfactory setting in this sense, the next question was of the material with which it should be represented. In Bach's and Handel's time they had made use of the *cembalo* and the organ; at times indeed two *cembali* and two organs were brought into action. Apart from the fact that no one at the present time is competent to decide the very important preliminary question: when it was for this instrument, and when for that one to co-operate, there are still other grounds to warn us against a too extensive use of either of them. The *cembalo* has gone down in the stream of time, and with it a multitude of contrasting tone-tints, which, leaping out from the mixture of the 4, 8 and 16 feet tone, undoubtedly produced astonishing effects. Much as this loss is to be lamented, we must accommodate ourselves to it: our present piano forte is hardly a fit equivalent for the old *cembalo*. If, for example, the violins in the upper octaves have to execute an accompanying counterpoint to the *Cantilena*, supported only by the *basso continuo* so far apart from them, such tone relations are by no means smoothed out and adjusted by the intervention of the piano; on the contrary they gape asunder with a still rougher edge. Our ears, refined by the modern orchestra, will justly protest against such imperfections and demand a remedy.

Now as to using the organ, this stands at our service when the performance is in a church, but far more seldom in a concert hall. So long as this obstacle is not removed, one is often enough obliged to renounce the use of it. But other, not less weighty reasons tell against a too extensive use of the mighty instrument: it seldom is in pure tune with the orchestra, because its *temperament* is equal, while that of the latter is unequal. Moreover its tone has a stiff, unyielding character, which does not speak out easily in all the registers and is produced by means of an extremely complicated mechanism.

These considerations seemed to me of enough importance to warrant the assigning of a somewhat more limited activity to the *cembalo* and the organ

in the accompaniment. The former, for which of course the piano had to be substituted, was especially adapted to the accompaniment of the *secco* recitative; the latter could serve as a means of reinforcement in the decisive passages, supplying the somewhat wanting brilliancy. But the real *bona fide* accompaniment, that is to say, the setting derived from the figured bass, was entrusted to the orchestra. This had gained remarkably since that time in versatility and in expressive faculty,—qualities which ensured it a vast superiority over the earlier material of accompaniment.—The clarinets and bassoons commended themselves, because their effects of tone corresponded so well to those of the organ; they furnished too an excellent means for the expression of four-part composition, which could be introduced everywhere in a manner altogether natural and unconstrained. In performances care had to be taken to place this reed quartet in the neighborhood of the first contrabasso, with which it stood in strictest intercourse. In this way the accompanying material clung elastically to the singing voice and made one almost forget that it did not lie in the hand of one person, the original accompanist. The mellow horns covered up the sharpness of the shrill high trumpets, oboes and flutes lent occasional finer lights and shadows, and so of all the instruments.

"Accordingly I made my arrangements, and I was joyfully astonished at the success they had. The orchestra soon found itself all right; the singers gained in confidence, because they were sympathetically sustained by that; and all that was desired for the obligato instruments was a support, which like a fine cement should gently bind together tone-relations that lay so widely apart. Besides, my labors saw themselves richly rewarded by the unmistakable sympathy of the public, who could hardly believe that they were listening to that old, odd music, which had cost them many a heavy hour already. In short, everything contributed to convince me of the truth of my principles and of its worth for practice.

"That my work was in general accordance with the principles which Mozart followed in the arrangements (*Bearbeitungen*) which he made, I could scarce surmise at that time, when it was very difficult to get a look into the originals. It was some time later that I first became aware of it, not without satisfaction. If in this fact I see no accident, but rather a necessity implied in the very nature of the tasks, I trust this will not be set down to presumption on my part.

"And now the wish came naturally, to make the results which had been gained in Halle available for wider circles. And soon the opportunity presented itself for publishing some scores, so that one by one the following arrangements (*Bearbeitungen*) appeared: Bach's *Magnificat*; his Cantatas: "*Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss*" (My heart was full of heaviness); "*Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*" (God's own time is the very best of times); "*O ewiges Feuer, O Ursprung der Liebe*" (O eternal Fire, O Source of Love!); the "*Trauerode*" (Funeral Ode); and finally the "*St. Matthew Passion*." Also Handel's *Jubilate*, Astorga's *Stabat Mater*, and Durante's *Magnificat*.

"For all these publications I promised myself a rapid success,—but found myself unfortunately much deceived. The suspicion, that the majority of artists, while they are fond of bearing the name of Sebastian Bach upon their lips, have not the dissemination of his works seriously at heart, seemed painfully confirmed. Besides, some might not fancy being prescribed to by one of their contemporaries in things which every one would trust himself to execute as well or better.

"With this was coupled the uncertain, groping attitude of the criticism of the day. Instead of accepting the works in question as novelties—which for the present age they surely were,—and bringing out at length the long reserved account of their extra-

ordinary worth, they left them almost wholly unconsidered, contenting themselves with all the more petty fault-finding with regard to my part of the work. It seems scarcely to have entered the heads of these critical gentlemen, that here possibly was a question at issue, in the good or bad decision of which the fate of these works, for some time to come, is closely involved. Such labors fell, according to their opinion, into the category of "arrangements," which might consider themselves fortunate to find themselves consigned to the "mere mention" column (*kleine Schrift*) of the musical journals.

"To render my position still worse, there came up at that time a tendency, which occupied itself paramountly with historical-archæological studies in relation to music, although it occasionally laid its hand upon what was purely artistic. The coryphæuses of this school came forward with a strong self-consciousness, but unfortunately with very moderate artistic qualifications; nevertheless, as they exercised no trifling influence with the pen upon the papers which made music their speciality, they knew how to make themselves quoted as authorities. Of course the question of the principles that should now govern in the arrangement (or elaboration) of old musical works, was at once drawn into the circle of their investigations: if it found no satisfactory solution, it was at least agitated. In regard to the material of accompaniment, as a matter of course, they went straight back to the means of representation employed by our ancestors, that is to the *celesta* and the organ. In this point they were all agreed; less so about the method to be followed in the labor of completion. While some set up the curious demand for the "greatest possible neutrality of filling out," and wished to have such work confined to the most modest limits, others showed themselves less scrupulous and thought that one only needed a clear insight into the A B C of this matter (the art of accompaniment), to help himself everywhere with ease; every clever musician forsooth, nay every dilettante conversant with music, is competent to enter upon the right way with certainty without any tedious studies. That "the greatest neutrality of filling out" must necessarily lead to characterlessness, and this "clear insight into the A B C of the matter" to obvious trivialities, was never thought of.

(To be Continued).

### Italian Opera.—Nilsson.

Italian Opera, or Opera in Italian (a more precise term for it of late years) had almost lost its prestige and run itself into the ground here. It is long since we have had performances and troupes of singers to renew the glorious traditions, the golden days of Bosio and Badiali, of Grisi and Mario, &c. Speculating managers had found a way of making money with a cheaper sort of thing, while the old enthusiasm for Italian Opera among real, cultivated music lovers had pretty much died out. But Mr. Strakosch, seeing his opportunity in the general desire to witness the rare gift of the young Swedish singer in that sphere of art where she has been said to be most at home and greatest, has really organized a company worthy of Nilsson, and worthy to be mentioned with the good old times. The "bright particular star" herself has shone with even greater lustre than in the concert room, and so far as we have read the feelings of those around us, as well as felt ourselves, has realized the highest expectations. Associated with her there have been: first, a new tenor, one of the freshest and chief ornaments during these last years of the French stage, M. CAPOUL; an excellent French basso, too, in M. JAMET, and a good baritone in M. BARRE. All these French Italians, like their queen the Swede, are artists of a refined, *distinguée* quality, not coarse natures, such as rely on a few loud bursts of tone and a mere physical vigor and intensity of soulless "passion" to bring down the

house. Then for a prima donna of the "off nights," particularly in comic opera, French again, a florid and vivacious singer and actress, young and handsome, Mlle. DUVAL. Our own genial Contralto, too, Miss ANNIE CART, has been quite as acceptable upon the stage as she was in the concert room. Then there has been Sig. BRIGNOLI, *redivivus*, either under the quickening Nilsson magnetism, or under the spur of emulation in presence of a new and formidable rival; and Sig. RONCONI, still the chief of buffos, so far as acting goes, while traces of the artist and true singer are still frequent in the ruins of his song. The orchestra and chorus, held for the most part well in hand by MARETZKE, have been ample and effective.

The one thing which we have not thought fully worthy of Miss Nilsson and her audience has been the very hacknied repertoire of pieces. She has sung in Gounod's *Faust* three times, in *Lucia* and *Martha* twice each, and in the *Traviata* once;—*Il Barbiere*, *La Fille du Regiment*, *La Sonnambula*, and *La Favorita*, without Nilsson, have been interspersed to fill out the season of ten evenings and two matinées.

But it has been, upon the whole, a rich fortnight of refined enjoyment, bringing, amid the painful experiences of these days, the sweet refreshment of a pure and fine enthusiasm. The true ministry of Art, to make the soul within feel free and glad and full of faith and hope, however dark the world around, has for a brief time been exercised here in this temple of the Muses. And chiefly through the spell of genius which informs the voice and look and motion of this young Northern singer. With each successive rôle, all widely differing, the truth and vitality of her dramatic instinct, the genuineness and fine intensity of the feeling, and the power to translate it into beautiful and thrilling song and action, have been more and more apparent. She is the "born actress" suggested to us in her concert singing; and patient art, guided by a true intelligence, has greatly ennobled and refined the gift.

Most, but not all, were satisfied of all this on that first night, the night of great expectations, when that vast crowd, including the most cultivated and most critical, musically, or in some other way, assembled to witness her impersonation of Gretchen in *Faust*. Now Gounod's opera is not entirely a favorite with us. With much fine music in it, here and there subtle and profound, and of course full of dramatic interest and meaning (for that is Goethe's), brilliant too with modern instrumentation and with contrast of scene and character and passion, it is still a heavy and fatiguing opera. *Faust* was too great a task for any musician less than Beethoven, or possibly Schumann, to undertake to solve in music; and, any way, Goethe's part in it must still be ten times as great as the musician's. It is too great a story even for the spoken drama; of course too great for an opera, of which the matter must be simple to give music a fair chance. The result is, that, with all its fine scenes and passages, it seems confused and fragmentary, lacking the dramatic continuity which more common operas have. And this is the reason, we imagine, why some of the most intelligent listeners, admirers of the Nilsson's song, found something "cold" in her impersonation, otherwise so perfect, and were "not carried away" by it except in single moments. We must own, ourselves, too, that now and then, for instance in the scene where her brother dies, she did seem to us for some instants to stand outside of the drama, and to throw herself back into it by force of will, of which she manifestly has no lack. But then, again, in the terrible scene where the evil spirit will not let her pray, but prompts her to the direst desperation of remorse, she rises to a magnificent intensity of tragic pathos, and the *abandon* with which she swoons and falls in terror is complete. There is a rare power shown also in the final prison scene. But, to go back to the first entrance of the simple maiden, and to her heart's discovery of its new, mysterious secret at the spinning wheel, with the ballad of the "King of Thule," and then the beautiful and rapid growth of the great passion, the love scene in the garden, all that,—what could be more maiden-like, more natural, more beautifully touching! The voice, which is purity itself, so smooth and fine, pervading the whole space, and felt so near at every point,—the colorless, white voice, as we have called it, yet taking on the color of every changing mood of feeling; the voice, so exquisitely modulated, so even, almost effortless in its increase of power,—the voice and the song itself seem always subordinated to the

feeling and the situation, as if the character, the drama sang itself. Her Margaret would probably make a greater impression the second than it did the first time; it was not our luck to see it twice. It were a wonder, could any artist forget herself entirely on such a night, when the shadow of a great calamity was over all,—the thought of the great city of the West in flames.

In *Lucia* her triumph was complete. Indeed she made this most hacknied of sentimental operas a fresh, new thing to us. For there is originality in all she does. Into each part she puts the charm of her own individuality, which however, being imaginative, creates and realizes each distinct ideal character assumed. Her Lucia was a beautiful, consistent, logically developed whole, from the fresh maiden tenderness and ecstasy of love, mingled with dread presentiment, in the first scene, to the trying requisitions of the mad scene, which she made altogether beautiful as well as unspeakably affecting. Scenes of acted craziness have commonly made us squirm, but here was the light of the ideal, the saving grace of true Art, resting on it all. The agonizing sacrifice in the betrothal scene, too, was portrayed, realized with thrilling power of action and of song. Musically, too, it was the same pure, poetic whole. Never has she sung more charmingly, whether in the tender *cantabile*, or in the brilliant, marvellous bravura of the bird-like passages with flute accompaniment. The impression of the whole impersonation was electrical, and spread abroad a great desire to hear and see the wonder, as the enormous crowd at the repetition last Wednesday evening proved.

Again, in *Martha*, an entirely new character. Here all the sunshine, grace, and beauty of her clear, simple, happy, northern nature had free play. She was the most bewitching, perfect Lady we have seen; in look, dress, action, voice and singing, irresistible. Equally so in the serious and tender parts. And one great secret of it is here, as in all her parts, that the singing seems spontaneous, flowing without effort from the character itself, its natural expression; the music and the motion mutually translate each other.—In that distressful opera, *La Traviata*,—the more depressing that it is so full of trivial music, she actually rises to a height of spiritual beauty in the last scene, so that you forget its painfulness.

In *Faust*, *Martha*, and the *Traviata* Mlle. Nilsson found one of the most earnest and refined, as well as delicately musical, lover-tenors in M. CAPOUL. His voice is light, and sweet and true, with an anobtrusiveness in its ordinary habit which distinguishes him from coarser, more "robustious" tenors. Its power is feebly felt at first, but it grows upon you, and the man grows upon you as the passion and the plot develops. Then to see the intensity of his feeling struggling for expression with his small and slender frame, you think for a time of the gesticulative and grotesque type of Frenchman; but you soon find that the passion is genuine, you feel its dignity, and that you are in presence of a superior artist, both dramatically and vocally. What if he does use the *falsetto* sometimes? Shall he not follow his music, the best way he can, where it transcends his range? Was it a mere physical sign and wonder, a *do di petto*, that we went out to see?

M. JAMET has a strong, resonant bass voice, of musical quality, evenly developed, telling in all parts, and shows refinement, taste, intelligence, and plenty of vitality in all he does. His *Mephistopheles* has less extravagance, but quite as much of subtle fiendish magnetism in it, as that of Hermanns. His former Plunkett was a very hearty, easy, capital performance.—M. BARRE, the baritone, is unexceptionable in singing, voice and action. His Ashton, in *Lucia*, is one of the best that we recall.

—So much for the nonce. Of Mlle. DUVAL and the other singers we have yet to speak.

THE DOLBY BALLAD CONCERTS. Crowded out! Next time.

### The Beethoven Centenary.

Bonn, August, 1871.

Come with me to Bonn on the Rhine. Beethoven was born here one hundred and one years ago, and if it had not been for the recent war we should now be one year too late for something interesting. As it is, there is in progress a musical festival in honor of Beethoven. A chorus of three hundred, an orchestra of one hundred and ten, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller as conductor, Joachim for the violin concerto, Charles Halle for the pianoforte concertos, Madame Joachim, Madame Otto-Alvsleben, Herr Vogl and Herr Schulze as solo singers, all are giving heart, soul and voice to make the occasion worthy if possible of the memory of glorious old Beethoven.

On Friday evening, (Aug. 18), Saturday morning

and Saturday evening there are full rehearsals, and on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings grand concerts besides two additional rehearsals on the Monday and Tuesday mornings. On Wednesday, to finish, there is a concert of chamber music with Joachim and Grützmacher in the string quartet and Hiller at the pianoforte in a sonata for piano and violoncello.

A pleasant hall, holding at each rehearsal and concert say two thousand persons, has been erected for the occasion. The necessary accompaniment of a German gathering—i.e., restaurant for beer, etc.—is also quite at hand. The hotels are filled with strangers and the town wears a holiday dress. Late each night there is a pleasant gathering at the Lese-Gesellschaft of the artists engaged or interested in the Fest, where there is a deal of smoking, drinking, talking or eating. Are the musical performances good? Yes, magnificent! The orchestra plays with a precision and a quick perception of Dr. Hiller's intention that is something wonderful to see and hear. The Ninth Sinfonie, the Eroica, the Fifth, all go like the stern march of fate. There is never a hitch nor a blemish that ought to be counted in the grand and beautiful *tout ensemble*.

When Mr. Halle's performance of the choral fantasia comes on it is discovered that one public rehearsal of the piece is insufficient to produce a very satisfactory result; and again, when under a similar arrangement Mr. Halle plays the E flat concerto, the poor man is only sympathized with from all quarters on account of the bad accompaniment to his own most cultivated and beautiful play. Madame Joachim sings "Ah Perfido" in so beautiful and soulful a manner, that a large transposition of the song is entirely forgiven, and the house is in an uproar of applause for five minutes. Of course the whole of the violin concerto, as played by Joachim, is simply perfect, and will not bear writing or even talking about; for to convey the fact that he *did* play the piece is sufficient.

Let us look at two or three interesting faces in the audience. There is Sir Sterndale Bennett from London. What a pity that he should write so little and teach so much. He introduces you to his son and his son-in-law. Pooh! what do we care about his sons? Why hasn't he more like the overture to the "Naiads," or the concerto in F? Who is that bright, cheery, red-faced man? Of course you would not know him; he stays too much at home in Copenhagen; but here he is, and thankful enough are we to see Niels Gade, who has given us such great pleasure through his C minor sinfonie, and the overtures to "Ossian," "Highlands," etc. There is Carl Reincke too. If there are jealousies between the musicians of Leipzig and the Rhine they are now forgotten for Beethoven's sake. There is Mr. Davison, who is the all-powerful musical critic of England. There is Mr. Stewart from Dublin, who composed a very effective cantata for the last Birmingham fest. Then there is Mr. Grove. There is hardly a man in England who has done so much for the cause of music as this same Mr. Grove of the Crystal Palace.

We try to look about the hall for others, but how can one keep his eyes from Joachim? Of so-called "musicians of the future" there seem to be few or none. Joachim Raff is here, but it is rather a miserable present that he represents, even if he was a protégé of Schumann. The fest is not quite over until we enjoy the excursion upon the Rhine. It is all right and charming, and everything does not hinge upon the purchase of a concert ticket and the definite performance of the concert programme. There is always "up" some kindly fraternal occasion. Let us go out to Schumann's grave. Many another has been before us, for see the wreaths and freshly placed flowers! Shall we go to the house where Beethoven was born? Don't laugh! We'll go to both and choose for ourselves, although it is a little perplexing to stand before a quaint old house in the Rhine-gasse and read a handsome inscription upon the same, to the effect that here Beethoven was born, and to go to the Bonngasse and there find a similar tablet and inscription upon a second house! Never mind. Beethoven was born, thank God, and whether here or there makes little difference, so he gave us the "Missa Solemnis," and the whole world knows what else. Yes; it was droll that in 1845, when his statue here in the Münster Platz was first uncovered, the back of the old man should be found to be squarely turned towards Queen Victoria and other royal personages present. It certainly was characteristic if it was not polite, and who more than Beethoven ever had a better right? The Bonn Fest in honor of the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth has been a genuine success throughout, many thanks to Ferdinand Hiller and his brave associates. Wasn't it pleasant to see a dozen Boston faces in the crowded audience! B. J. L.—Boston Transcript.

### The Peace Jubilee.

Gilmore is in Europe, and has written to his coadjutors in Boston, concerning his success. His industrious friends telegraph to the daily press glowing descriptions of the conquests Gilmore has made, and the bright prospects of the forthcoming Jubilee. According to the reports of these interested friends, Gilmore has secured bands in nearly every European city, and several from Asiatic and African towns.

As to securing musicians in Germany there is no difficulty to be apprehended. With the thorough cultivation of the people in music, where every cross-roads boasts of its brass band, the matter of collecting forty or fifty trumpeters and drummers requires just about as much business energy as the importation of as many drums and trumpets.

There is one thing that Gilmore undoubtedly succeeds in, and that is the business of advertising. Even Barnum, that great master of humbug, and our friends the circus agents, who periodically regale us with stories of frightful encounters with tigers, falls from giddy trapezes, and gory breakfasts by whole dens of lions on the bodies of some unlucky orchestral performers—even they must yield the palm to Gilmore.

First, we had the 'National Musical Congress,' either an outgrowth or the beginning of the 'peace jubilee.' Some little minor matters were discussed at the Congress, matters of no importance, and even if they were no one was the wiser for their being discussed. The members of the Congress soon became aware that the principal object of its being summoned was to puff and assist Gilmore in his projected money making project. A portion of the members of this musical Congress has no idea of playing into the hands of Gilmore, and yet another portion were cajoled into endorsing his project.

The ramifications of the "National Musical Congress" are wide-spread over the land. An endorsement by such a body carries some influence. Gilmore set diplomatically to work, and with able assistance secured an expression in his favor from the Congress before the Congress really knew what he was driving at.

Then hies him—our elated Gilmore—to Long Branch—not, however, until he has caused to be telegraphed all over the land a half column description of his proposed "colosseum," and has secured the good will of the musical and literary correspondents resident in Boston. To Long Branch to secure the endorsement of the President. The opinion of the President on some matters is worth heeding. There are several branches of human knowledge that he surpasses in—on these he may be taken as an authority. But he knows nothing whatever of music, and makes no pretensions. He gives to Gilmore a sort of an unmeaning introductory letter, as he might give to one desirous of having his name to a paper for the amelioration of the heathen Kamtschatkans, his signature. This secured, straightway Gilmore has the facts, with his construction of them, telegraphed all over the country. Another advertisement, of course, and a good one.

Then the energetic Gilmore takes ship and sails to Europe, and soon by cable we hear that his project has excited such wonder and envy in London, that the bold Britons, bound not to be outdone, are to get up a peace jubilee of their own. What an aggravating, stimulating advertisement is this. Shall Britannia dare compete with Boston in a "peace jubilee"? Shall our heroic Gilmore be beaten on his own chosen colosseum shrieking ground? Decidedly not; we must stand to Gilmore, and money and music must flow to Boston, and out-roar the combined boiler shops of the United Kingdom.

Then Gilmore to Belgium and to Germany, to converse with counts and band masters, and to write beseeching notes to kings and kaisers. Telegraphed of course, and added to the despatch the tale, as Gilmore tells, of African, and Indian, and Egyptian, and Turkish musicians to swell the throng of German and Yankee bands on the colosseum at Boston.

Gilmore, it must be conceded, is an adept at advertising. Under his skillful management the grossest humbug must succeed in drawing a crowd. First, local pride and pecuniary gain—Boston is enlisted.

Delicate attention and shrewd diplomacy—the National Musical Congress advocate the "jubilee." Political influence and personal appeals—the President unwittingly endorses.

A cable dispatch from London, calculated to arouse national pride and emulation—the whole country interested.

Announcement of the securing of several thousand musicians from all parts of the Eastern Continent, (Turks, Arabs, Afghans, Persians, Hindoos, Cosacks, etc., clothed and instructed in London, these details not made public)—unparalleled curiosity awakened to see the "peace jubilee."

VIVE LA GILMORE! VIVE LA BAGATELLE!

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Spero Meliora. (I hope better things.) 3. Eb to c. Angier. 30  
Extremely smooth and elegant. Successful already.  
The School-house in the Lane. Song and Chorus. 2. C to d. Christie. 40  
Out in the Storm. Song and Chorus. 2. D to d. Christie. 40  
Have elegant Lithograph titles, and are fine Ballads.  
The Fountain mingles with the River. 4. E to e. Gounod. 35  
Finely elaborated. Melody easy, but time difficult.  
Oh Vision Bright! (Il Sogno.) 4. A to g. Abt. 60  
Italian and English words and German-Italian music. Very pretty too!  
Rock of Ages. Hymn for 4 Voices. 3. Bb to g. Thomas. 50  
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah. Quartet. 3. F to f. Dormstein. 30  
Two sacred pieces worth preserving.  
Swedish Song. 3. F-sharp minor to f. Berg. 30  
Strange, quaint and sweet.  
Sorrowing, weeping. 4. A to f. Ruell. 30  
Come with thy sweet voice again. 4. G to g. Eikmeier. 30  
Tell me my Heart. 5. Eb to a. Bishop. 40  
First-class. Requires considerable execution, but well rewards faithful study.  
Yeoman's Wedding Song. Sung by Santley. 4. Bb to f. Poniatowski. 35  
Manly and pleasing. "Chiming bell" accompaniment.  
When will you come back. Song and Chorus. 3. Bb to e. M'Neal. 30  
Very attractive.  
I love her, I dream of her. Song and Chorus. 3. Bb to e. Fish. 30  
Sweet melody. An extra accompaniment inserted. It is very delicate, somewhat difficult, and may be omitted at will.  
Do they know it? 4. D to f. Sloper. 25  
Exquisite Spring and Flower song.  
Across the Sea. 4. C to f. Gabriel. 35  
Like a first-rate German song.

#### Instrumental.

- Kaiser March. 5. Bb. Wagner. 60  
Don't touch it unless you can play powerfully. Then it is splendid practice.  
Invocation. Pensée poetique. 4. F. Ketterer. 40  
Light, "poetic," and in part brilliant.  
The Brook. 6. Ab. Pape. 80  
The left hand plays Dolore's song "The Brook," and the right puts in arpeggios. Very attractive.  
Thousand and one Night Waltz. 3. A. Strauss. 75  
Offenbach varied by Strauss, and very successfully.  
The Fantastics. Waltzes. 4. Zikoff. 75  
Good kind of "fantastic." Wide awake.  
Shades of Hope. Nocturne. 4. Eb. De Janon. 40  
Certain to please. Very graceful.  
Quadrille des Dames. 3. Gravier. 40  
Pretty and original.  
Beautiful Flower. Nocturne. 2. Bb. Turner. 30  
Good introduction to Nocturne practice.  
On the March. 3. Muller. 60  
A spirited arrangement of a number of good French and German airs.  
La Harpe Eolienne. 4 hands. 5. Eb. Smith. 30  
Well-known favorite.  
Welcome to Spring. Frühlingsgruss. 3. D. Jungman. 30  
Full of fine taste.  
Gondolina. 3. G. Dorn. 40  
Gondola music arranged in a charming manner.  
Strauss' Blue Danube Waltz. 5. D. Arr. by Kuhe. 75  
"The Blue Danube" as a song was good. As a waltz probably better. But this will please more than either.  
Mackrodrumman Galop. 3. Eb. Howard. 30  
Ten times as good as the title, which is a good one if you can only say it.  
New Shawl Dance. 2. C. Gravier. 30  
Simple and pleasing.  
Golden Echoes. Mack, each 30  
No. 20, Gaëtana. No. 21, Marche des Tambours. No. 22, Qui vive!  
The whole set good for learners.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

